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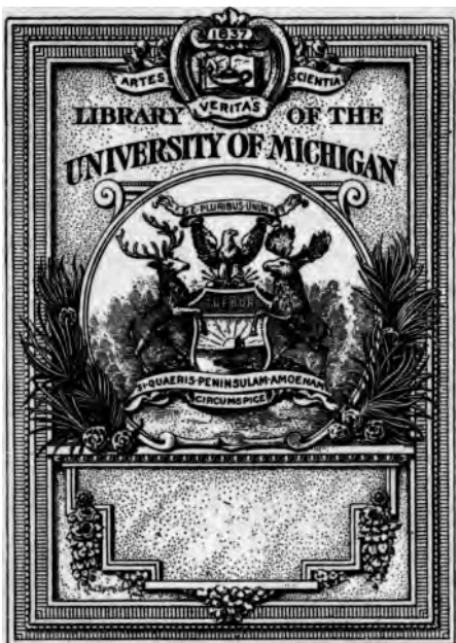
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ON

G.M.

A



8:
A.
t h

ON THE TIBUR ROAD



ON THE TIBUR ROAD

A FRESHMAN'S HORACE

BY

GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

AND

GEORGE FRISBIE WHICHER

WITH A LETTER IN VERSE BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS
PRINCETON
1912

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PREFACE

A few of the following verses are reprinted from *Life*, *Scribner's Magazine*, the *Independent*, the *Amherst Literary Monthly*, and obscurer pages. An asterisk will tell inquiring friends which writer must bear the initial responsibility for each piece. That not all of them were written in the first college year, will be easily inferred; but the critically inclined who conclude that all might have been, will not quarrel with our subtitle. It is a Freshman idea, no doubt, to print the lightest echoes heard along the Tibur Road, especially when so many competent reporters have long ago found acceptance. But why attempt excuse or palliation?

The twittering sparrows build their nest
 Unawed in many an ancient fane.
We strew our rubbish with the rest;
 Yet undefiled thy courts remain,
 Thanks to the serried years, the biting rain.
O Master of the Lyric Strain,
 What Worst could dim thy shining Best!

G. M. W.

G. F. W.

Alderhithe,

Middle Haddam, Connecticut.

September, 1911.

TO G. M. W. AND G. F. W.

A mule his meagre scrip can bear
THE TIBUR ROAD.

I

Whenas—(I love that “whenas” word—
It shows I am a poet, too,)
Q. Horace Flaccus gaily stirred
The welkin with his tra-la-loo,
He little thought one donkey’s back
Would carry thus a double load—
Father and son upon one jack,
Galumphing down the Tibur Road.

II

Old is the tale—Aesop’s, I think—
Of that famed miller and his son
Whose fortunes were so “on the blink”
They had one donk, and only one;
You know the tale—the critic’s squawk
(As pater that poor ass bestrode)—
“Selfish! To make thy fine son walk!”
Perhaps *that* was on Tibur Road?

TO G. M. W. AND G. F. W.

III

You will recall how dad got down
And made the son the ass bestride:—
The critics shouted with a frown:
“Shame, boy! pray let thy father ride!”
Up got the dad beside the son;
The donkey staggered with the load
“Poor donk! For shame!” cried every one
That walked the (was it?) Tibur Road.

IV

You know the end! Upon their backs
Daddy and son with much ado
Boosted that most surprised of jacks,—
He kicked, and off the bridge he flew;
“He! haw!” A splash! A gurgling sound—
A long, last watery abode—
In Anio’s stream the donk was drowned—
(If this occurred on Tibur Road.)

V

Let *Donkey* represent the *Odes*;
The *Miller* represent *G. M.*;
The *Son* stand for *G. F.*; the loads
Of *Critics*—I will do for them.
Now, then, this proposition made,
(And my bum verses “Ah’d” and “Oh’d!”)
What Q. E. D. can be displayed
Anent this “On the Tibur Road”?

TO G. M. W. AND G. F. W.

VI

First, Horry's dead and he don't care,
So cancel *him*, and let him snore;
His Donkey has been raised in air
So oft he's tough and calloused o'er;
Our *Miller*—dusty-headed man—
Follows the best donk-boosting code:
Our *Son*—dispute it no one can—
Sings gaily down the Tibur Road.

VII

This, then, must be this Critic's scream:—
The *donk* was boosted well and high,
And, ergo! falling in the stream,
Isn't and *ain't* and *can't* be *dry*;
Nor is your book. Which is to say
It is no gloomy episode—
You've made a dead donk sweetly bray,
And joyful is the Tibur Road.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

To E. P. B.

Dear Ellis: We are quite resigned,
Though no admiring public heeds us;
One consolation still we find
To soothe the heart and calm the mind:
Just see how closely Ellis reads us!

Bandusian Fountain! Potent yet
The waters from thy pool are gushing.
For our parched lips we will not fret,
If through our book one little jet
May irrigate the farm in Flushing.

What though the printer's-binder's bills
Do threaten us with ruination?
Our smarting eyes one vision fills,
One glorious hope our bosom thrills:
This may be Ellis's salvation !!

O Dollars wasted on express!
O Cold Cash spent for advertising!
Your going does not cause distress;
We part from you with bliss—no less—
As long as His ideals are rising.

TO E. P. B.

O joy, to think that from our page
He quaffs the undiluted Massic!
That PIGS IS PIGS, while still the rage,
Improves through each revolving age,
And mounts by contact with the classic.

SUES SUNT SUES it will stand
In its two-million-tenth edition.
What though we perish from the land,
Unboomed, uninterviewed, unscanned,
We have achieved our last ambition.

What though we sink in Lethe-ooze
And taste that wave of bitter savor?
What higher fate could author choose
Than to inspire the Butler Muse,
And give her lines Horatian flavor.

Then heedless dust be our abode,
Our names mis-spelled, ourselves mistaken!
Let others reap where we have sowed,
If we but boom on Tibur Road
The Butler brand of Sabine bacon!

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TO OUR BEST THIRD
L. F. W.

*Had He seen you, a higher grace
His curious art had striven to trace;
More winning would the portrait stand
Than Hypermnestra, faithless-grand,
Or Phidyle, whom no years erase.*

*What tenderer lines would there find place,
Had not the gods a Wife's embrace,
A Mother's yearning, from him banned,—
Had he seen you!*

*Had he but known your mild command,
Your self-less love, he had not planned
His Myrtale harsh, Barine base,
Nor mocked at Lyce's once-loved face;
What we two know, he'd understand,
Had he seen you!*

"O Virgin Warden of the Mou-
Hymn for the Neptunalia.....
Hymn for Faunus' Day.....
Hymn to Diana and Apollo.....
Fontinalia

The Poet's Prayer

Horace's Diet

On a Disaster in Plaster

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Vitas Hinnuleo

In Memoriam

Epistle to Sept.....
To Dellius

Epilogue

Index of Ode.....

THE TIBUR ROAD

*Not in the fashion of the great,
A-horse with hampering retinue
The Poet reached his small estate;
Such pomps afflict the well-to-do!
Alone he rides the valley through,
A mule his meagre scrip can bear,
And no invidious eyes compare
Its withers galled or swaying load
With any lordly trains that fare
Along the sunlit Tibur Road.*

*Ay, pleasant was the way and straight
Where, under skies of softest hue,
The Anio plunged precipitate,
And tall the shadowy plane-trees grew.
Perchance some Chloe fled the view;
Or Pyrrha, seeming unaware,
Twined roses in her fragrant hair,
While green the rushing current flowed;
Or Lyce ogled from her chair
Along the sunlit Tibur Road.*

*O merry Poet, mild was fate,
On thee no wind untempered blew,*

FOREWORD

When Horace wished to write an ode
And happy thoughts were far to seek,
He'd take a turn on Tibur Road
And lift a stanza from the Greek.

The songs he sang with kindly cheer
Have loosed our tongues, that else were mute,
To give our friends and friends' friends here
A touch of our Horatian lute.

Eheu! the fleeting seasons pass,
His lyre shall sound when ours shall cease,
So now to his enduring brass
We fix our spot of verdigris.

THE TIBUR ROAD

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A-horse with hampering retinue,
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On thee no wind untempered blew,

THE TIBUR ROAD

In comradeship most fortunate!
Sweet breath of Sabine vineyards drew
Thee and thy friends, the favored few,
From bustling street and brimming square,
And lured to taste thy country air
 Maecenas from his proud abode,
Vergil and Varius—spirits rare!
 Along the sunlit Tibur Road.

Envoi

Horace, thy tranquil soul doth share
With us, immersed in coils and care,
 The unfading charm of many an ode
That bids us flee from grim despair
 Along the sunlit Tibur Road.

SABINE HILLS

On Sabine hills when melt the snows,
Still level-full His river flows;
Each April now His valley fills
With cyclamen and daffodils;
And summers wither with the rose.

Swift-waning moons the cycle close:
Birth,—toil,—mirth,—death; life onward goes
Through harvest heat or winter chills
On Sabine hills.

Yet One breaks not His long repose,
Nor hither comes when Zephyr blows;
In vain the spring's first swallow trills;
Never again that Presence thrills;
One charm no circling season knows
On Sabine hills.

THE HAUNTS OF HORACE

An ever present source of fresh delight
Lies in the wonderland thy lays unfold;
I read the tales that Sabine farmers told
On winter evenings 'round the embers bright,
The roistering and revelry of night
When spiced Falernian foamed from flagons old,
The songs that lovers to their ladies trolled
In some close nook secluded from the sight.

A sure relief it is, when ill at ease,
To walk with thee in this fair realm of thine,
To watch the choral dance beneath the trees,
And chant the praises of the sacred Nine;
Baffled to gaze as Chloe coyly flees,
Or drink with Lyde draughts of sparkling wine.

OF WEALTH

To Q. H. F.

To thee among the singing spheres
Is given a part;
Untarnished by the envious years,
Unmated still thy song appears;
Too kind for scorn, too wise for tears,
Thy matchless art.

Then, Horace, what the scorn I win,—
How all will jest!
If, fleeing from the city's din
(As long ago thou didst begin)
I boast thy lot to mine is kin,
But mine more blest!

Thou too didst shun the smoke, the stress,
The brawling street,
And in thy Sabine wilderness,
On fare of chicory and cress,
The Simple Life thou didst possess,—
A calm retreat.

There by Digentia's quiet shore
Thy mind was bent

OF WEALTH

With friends to share thy frugal store,
To tell thy vines and cornels o'er,
Above some deathless scroll to pore
 In rich content.

Mine too the gifts that match with these ;
 The gods have given
A bit of land, a clump of trees,
A living spring : what more could please ?
Nor I for wider acres tease
 Unwilling Heaven.

Strait is my valley ; its green hills
 Take, too, the beams
Of dawn ; or sunset glory spills
Along their crest when whippoorwills
Wake dim regret, and evening fills
 The world with dreams.

Beside my river I can view
 My garden-plot ;
Here blooms the quince ; there apples strew
Their gifts ; and softly falls the dew
On iris, spearmint, and the blue
 Forget-me-not.

Ah ! happy hours, when soft reclined
 On cooling grass,

OF WEALTH

Within one living page I find
What mirth, wit, wisdom all combined!
A feeling heart, a mellow mind!
Thy Magic Glass!

Yet more: beneath my roof,—where shade
Alternate falls
Of elm and maple zephyr-swayed,—
The choicest gift the gods have made
Abides, my wealth: it never stayed
Within thy walls!

Yes, Flaccus, greater wealth is mine
Than thou hast tried.
Save that sole gift of song divine,
All that the Gracious Ones made thine,
To me—with Love—they now assign,
And thee beside!

O Poet, keep thy golden name,
Thy deathless voice.
One gift is Love and one is Fame.
The gods, who reck nor praise nor blame,
Divide: what bounty wouldest thou claim?
I bless their choice.

PROSPECTUS

Two dreamers we, and dread not Time's mischances ;
Let Fortune smile or frown or go or stay,
Our wealth abides ; and foul or fair her glances,—
Hey-nonny-nonny!—pipe the jade away !

To tend the Sacred Fire that needs no fuel,—
To dwell on Helicon and pay no rent,—
To meditate the Muse and dine on gruel,—
How rich are we who therewith are content !

Let yon pale cit, whose sole and only classic
Is his fat ledger, cringe and toil and pray.
For us the Spring, the Arbute-tree, the Massic,
And loaf with Horace all the solid day !

We covet not your well-filled, tight-laced purses,
Those gilded garners for the moth and rust;
Leave us but stylus, tablets, Flaccus' verses,
We reign in rags and banquet on a crust.

REMEMBRANCE

OMAR is dead, who loved so well his wine;
Above his mouldering grave the roses twine.
And Horace now—for all his Golden Mean—
Is nameless dust upon the Esquiline.

It matters not, or sad or glad the strain;
Each poet sings his hour, nor comes again.
Whate'er he was or had or hoped is gone;
His songs alone immortal may remain.

Ah! what will be, my friend, for you to guess
Of me, who pass to utter nothingness?
Who have no voice to echo in your heart
When death shall make my present little less?

Then whensoe'er you turn the pages through
Where smiling Horace bares his heart to view—
When Omar's muted strings wake sweet regret—
Turn down the leaf and think: *He loved them too.*

TO E. M.
FROM MAINE

O sweet to hear when Horace sings
 Of olive or late lingering rose,
The lonely ilex tree that springs
 Where the clear murmuring fountain flows,—
To hear in fancy through his Sabine vales
 The immortal music of the nightingales.

But dearer to your hearts and mine
 The winds that whisper of the snow,
The granite slopes of fir and pine
 Where arbutus and bloodroot grow;
Far clearer, o'er the keen New England hills,
 Speak to our dreams the yearning whippoor-wills.

A BOOK OF HORACE'S SWEETHEARTS

TO A HEADMISTRESS

A learned friend has bought my rhymes
And paid hard silver for them;
But O to think how many times
Her learned pen will score them!

O miserere, Mistress Schodts!
(That's Latin for *Have Pity.*)
I know I've blundered lots and lots,
But listen to my ditty:

No common bard like me could vie
With your refined acumen.
Just pass my imperfections by
And smile and say "How human!"

TO LEUCONOE
THAT SHE SHOULD NOT ASK HER FATE

Tu ne quaesieris.—I.ii

Seek not to learn, for thou canst never know,
How many years of life to thee or me
The gods above will grant, Leuconoë,
Nor trust what Chaldee calculations show.
Far better to endure what fates bestow,
Should they more winters give, or should this be
The last, that dashes now the Tuscan sea
Tempestuous on the cliffs with angry blow.

Be wise: draw off the wine; without delay
Proportion thy high hopes to life's brief span.
E'en while we're speaking, envious Time has gone
Beyond recall. Thine is the present day,
Grasp it, enjoy it now, nor trust the plan
Of leaving aught until the morrow's dawn.

OF LALAGE

THAT SHE KEEPS HIS HEART PURE

Integer vitae.—I.22

He needs no Moorish dart
Who wanders pure in heart,
Whose life is unimpaired, unstained by crime;
He bears no bow, no quiver's load
Of poisoned arrows on his road,
O Fuscus, though he seek the wildest clime:

Whether on Afric seas
He take the sweltering breeze;
Or frore, unfriendly peaks Caucasian scale;
Or journey by the distant waves
Where unexplored Hydaspes laves
His shores, renowned in many an ancient tale.

For wandering care-free,
Singing my Lalage,
In Sabine woods beyond my bounds I strayed;
Such virtue dwelleth in that song
To banish aught impure or wrong,
A grisly wolf that met me, fled afraid.

OF LALAGE

Such fearsome monster ne'er
The spreading oak-groves bare,
Where Daunus ruled his warlike folk of old;
Nor yet, where Juba held command,
Sprang ever such from Afric sand,
Parched nourisher of lions fierce and bold.

O place me in the zone
Where Winter rules alone,
And sluggish breezes wake to life no flower;
Where evil mists forever bide,
And o'er the earth's deserted side
The Jove of tempest wills that storm-wrack lower;

Or set me where the sun
His car too near doth run
To scorched lands, where homes may never be:
Whate'er the sky may be above,
With heart unstained I still shall love
Sweet-smiling and sweet-prattling Lalage.

TO PYRRHA

THAT SHE IS BUT A COQUETTE

Quis multa gracilis.—I.5

What slim youth now, bedewed with soft perfume,
On banks of roses thee caresses,
O Pyrrha, hid in some cool cavern's gloom?
For whom dost bind thy golden tresses

In graceful neatness? Ah, how oft will he
His misplaced confidence bewail,
Who, inexperienced, wonders at the sea
Aroused and darkened by the gale!

Yet thou as gold delectable dost seem
To his too easily bedazzled eyes,
Who thinks thee ever true, without a dream
That storms may take him by surprise.

Unfortunates, to whom thou like a sea
Untried, dost yet alluring shine!
A tablet hung on Neptune's wall by me
Shows what a shipwreck late was mine.

TO BARINE

THAT SHE IS A MONSTROUS LIAR

Ulla si iuris.—II.8

Barine, had there aught of harm
Befallen thee from broken vow,—
Hadst thou but lost a single charm,
Less fair become in eye or brow,—
I might believe thee now.

But thou, as soon as thou dost stake
Thy head with some perfidious prayer,
More lovely yet thy form dost make,
To all the youth a toast more rare,
Thy fatal face more fair!

Yea, by thy buried mother's shade
It only profits thee to lie;
And thou hast flouted, unafraid,
The speechless stars in all the sky,
And gods that never die.

And Venus' self at this has laughed;
The simple Nymphs will laugh, I say;
And Cupid, too, whose fiery shaft

TO BARINE

On his blood-dripping stone alway
He whets day after day.

Add one count more: there ever grow
Still other youths, all slaves for thee!
While yet no earlier victims go,—
None from their impious mistress flee,
Whate'er their threat'nings be!

All mothers dread thee for their boys;
And old men fear thee, misers grown;
And piteous brides, on whose new joys
But once thy deadly breath has blown,
To make them all thine own.

TO LYDIA

THAT SHE IS RECONCILED

Donec gratus eram.—III.9

HORACE

While dear to thee I still remained,
Nor any other youth more favored pressed
His arms around thy gleaming neck, more blest
Than any Persian king I reigned.

LYDIA

When thou didst feel no other flame,
Nor Chloe was o'er Lydia preferred,
Not more of Roman Ilia was heard,
And Lydia was the one bright name.

HORACE

'Tis Thracian Chloe rules me now;
Sweet music she hath learned and knows the lyre.
So she might live, I'd gladly mount the pyre,
Would fate but spare her to my vow.

LYDIA

A mutual love inflames me now
And Thurian Calais, born of noble sire;
Twice o'er for him I'd gladly mount the pyre,
Would fate but spare him to my vow.

TO LYDIA

HORACE

What if our old-time love returned
And joined our sundered hearts with yoke of brass?
If o'er the threshold Lydia might pass
And fair-haired Chloe thence be spurned?

LYDIA

The fairest star in all the sky
Is he; while thou art fickle; Hadria's rage
Less fell. And yet how fain would I engage
To live with thee, with thee to die!

TO CHLOE

THAT SHE HATH JILTED HIM

I

Vitas hinnuleo.—I.23

Chloe, you flee when I am nigh
Like any fearful fawn that high
 On many a mountain path has strayed
 To seek its timid dam, afraid
Of every copse it passes by.

When breezes in the bushes sigh,
Or lizards brush the brambles dry,
 How it startles!—so, dismayed,
 Chloe, you flee.

A tiger well might terrify;
No leonine intent have I.
 No longer ask your mother's aid,
 A husband soon must be obeyed;
The time is ripe. O tell me why,
 Chloe, you flee!

TO CHLOE

II

Vixi puellis.—III.26

That late I loved I do repent;
To maids no more bellipotent,
 I now from arms and lyre abstain;
 The leftward wall of Venus' fane
Shall hold the amorous armament.

Here lie the bars, the flambeaux spent,
The pliant bows that once I bent
 Against the gates of her disdain
 That late I loved.

Imperial queen, that dost frequent
Cyprus, and Memphis innocent
 Of Scythian snows, a boon I'd gain:
 Raise once thy lash with might and main
And smite that Chloe (impudent!)
 That late I loved.

*

TO LYDIA
ON SPOILING SYBARIS

Lydia, dic.—I.8

Say, Lydia, I entreat by all the gods above,
Why haste you to destroy fond Sybaris with love?
Why shuns he now the plain, the dust and heat once borne?
With all his peers a-horse, what cause can make him scorn
To stride the Gallic steed, straining the fangéd bit?
Fears he the tawny Tiber who erst rejoiced in it?
Why dreads he olive oil as though 't were viper's gore,
Nor practice arms, who shone pre-eminent before
In hurling o'er the mark discus and javelin?
Like sea-born Thetis' son, who, ere the entering in
Of Troy-town, sought to 'scape the Lycians' grim array
In maiden's weeds: why hides thy lover, Lydia, say!

TO LYDIA

THAT SHE PRAISE NOT HIS RIVAL

Cum tu, Lydia.—I.13

When you to Telephus devote,
O Lydia, your choicest phrases,
And either Telephus' white throat
Or wax-like arms excite your praises,
Bah! my disgusted anger surges
Like waves which stormy Notus urges.

Then I am blinded by my wrath,
And quite unstable my complexion;
While on my cheek a tear-stained path
Shows how I mourn your changed affection.
For when to me you're ever lost
I burn, a lingering holocaust.

I burn to think how, mad with wine,
That boy in drunken rage may mar
With blows those gleaming arms of thine,
Or leave upon thy lips a scar.
Ah! who could that fair mouth abuse
Which Venus with all sweets endues!

TO LYDIA

O thrice and four times blessed they
Whose life no evil quarrel knows,
But calm and peaceful day by day
Glides as a quiet river flows;
Whom an unbroken bond holds ever
Until the last sad day shall sever.

*

OF MYRTALE
THAT SHE WAS EXCEEDING FIERCE

Albi, ne doleas.—I.33

Grieve not, my Albius, all too sore;
 Hard-hearted Glycera forget.
To sing thy piteous lays give o'er;
 Thy rival only shines the more,
And she for broken faith feels no regret.

Far-famous for her slender brow,
 Lycoris' heart for Cyrus burns
With parching passion; Cyrus now
 To Pholoë inclines his vow;
As sharply she his base advances spurns

As flees the flock when wolves pursue.
 Thus Venus wills; her cruel joke
Doth soul to soul unlike subdue,
 And lovers unrequited sue,
Unequal joined beneath her brazen yoke.

OF MYRTALE

I, too, of a nobler love might tell;
She wooed me, still in tender bands
By Myrtale held; whom I loved well,
Though servile-born, and far more fell
Than billows on the curved Calabrian sands.

TO LYCE

THAT SHE IS GROWN OLD

Audivere, Lyce.—IV.13

The gods have heard, O Lyce! heard my prayer—
The gods have heard—and thou art old!
And yet thou still wouldest fain be counted fair;
With wine and laughter bold

Thy tipsy quavering voice full often seeks
By song to waken soft Desire.
But Love lurks now in Chia's tender cheeks,
Young mistress of the lyre!

Ever unsated, still Love flits away
From aged, withered oaks like thee;
No wrinkled face like thine can bid him stay
Thy faded charms to see.

Thy Coan purple never can restore—
Nor gems of price—those days again
Which once fast-flying Time hath reckoned o'er
In records all too plain.

Where now hath fled thy charm? thy beauty where?
Thy comely grace? What now is left

TO LYCE

Of her—of her—who, love in every air,
Me of myself bereft?

For—after Cinara—fate to thee was kind:
Wide-famed, with Welcome in thy face.
But few the years the gods to her assigned;
Yet kept thee in thy place.

To be the aged raven's withered peer,
That ardent youths may now behold
Thy burnt-out torch, and flout with many a jeer
The ashes stale and cold.

BALLADE OF HORACE'S LOVES

Lydia, fickle and fair,
 Lyce, the faded of hue,
Lalage, Pholoë . . . there!
 Hark how the L's ripple through.
These were the beauties that drew,
These lilting and lyrical dames!
 Leuconoë, Glycera . . . Pooh!
Why, Horace, they're nothing but names!

Pyrrha, the golden of hair,
 Lyde the lyrist, the shrew
Myrtale . . . well, I declare!
 What in the world shall we do,
If critics abolish the crew,
Their gallants and gaddings and games?
 Barine, Lycoris, adieu!
Alas! ye are nothing but names.

All were but syllabled air,
 Fancies that flickered and flew:
Innocent Phidyle's prayer,
 Chloe the fawn, and the few
Years that your Cinara knew,

BALLADE OF HORACE'S LOVES

Cinara, sweetest of flames!
Ah, Horace, I'm sorry for you!
Alas! they were nothing but names.

Envoy

Ladies! ye shrink from this view;
But soon all your loves and your fames,
Fun, frailties, frolics,—ye too,
Alas! will be nothing but names!

A BOOK OF HORACE'S MUSINGS

RELICTA PARMULA

**He leaves his shield behind
Who bares his heart in verse;
For better or for worse,
Who wills may read his mind.**

**Ah! happy he who flies,
And when the tumult ends,
Finds in the hands of friends
His armor held a prize!**

ON FRIENDSHIP

(*Model for a convertible toast*)

When Quintus Flaccus tunes his Lesbian Lyre
And cribs a brand-new meter from the Greeks,
What best can kindle his poetic fire?
What theme most moves us when the Poet speaks?

Sure not his frail, imaginary ladies;
Lord, no! they leave the modern bosom cold.
Not the grim Shades he (almost) saw in Hades;
Our consciences are clearer, or more bold.

So oft he preaches Golden Moderation,
He makes one long to dare life's last and worst.
He scolds the frantic rich: our indignation
Waxes but faint,—he can't compete with Hearst.

But there's one theme where he can charm completely,
One winning strain we wish might never end;
His golden shell can never clash so sweetly,
As when he celebrates a loving friend.

Maecenas! Vergil! how the recollection
Brightens to hear the ardent numbers roll!
From stiff Alcaics breathes what fond affection
To warm the wintry cockles of the soul!

ON FRIENDSHIP

Then taught by him, my Muse, be wise in season,
Nor trim thy tiny sail o'er mighty seas.
Content, let others spread the feast of reason;
Thou only in the flow of soul canst please.

Let others praise our Artist
Scholar
Lawyer
Statesman
Author
Teacher
For Honor
Wisdom
Foresight
Learning
Art

Sing thou of Johnny Doe (God bless the creature!)
The Other Half of each good fellow's Heart.

AN INVITATION

Vile potabis.—I.20

Maecenas, when you grace my board
(And don't, dear Knight, decline to favor)
You'll drink poor cups of Sabine, stored
In Grecian jar to get the flavor.

That very day the wine I sealed
When so distinct your plaudits rang out
That echoes pealed from cliff and field;
So don't neglect my humble hang-out.

Though here you'll taste no Formian vine,
No product of Calenian vat,
We'll have with just the cheap Sabine
A very creditable bat.



THE AIMS OF HUMAN KIND

Maecenas atavis.—I.1

Maecenas, sprung from royal lineage bright,
Both my protector and my dear delight,
How varied are the aims of human kind!
Some in the chariot race their pleasure find,
Tossing Olympia's dust as they skim by
The goal with flashing wheel, and onward fly ;
Them the ennobling palm—to victors given—
Masters of men exalts to lords of heaven.
One, if the fickle crowd has dignified
With three-fold offices, is satisfied.
Another, if within his barns is stored
What grain the Libyan threshing-floors afford.
While he who loves to ply with his own hands
The mattock on his small, ancestral lands,
Would not, for all the wealth Attalic, be
A timid sailor on the Myrtoan sea.
The merchant, dreading much the Afric blasts
Contending with the Icarian waves, contrasts
The peace and safety of his rural home;
But soon refits his bark, again to roam,
Impatient at a life of mean estate.
Others old Massic do not deprecate,

THE AIMS OF HUMAN KIND

Stretched at their ease an hour or so each day
'Neath arbute green, where quiet fountains play.
Many in camps and conquest find delight,
And trumpet blasts, the cause of mothers' fright.
The hunter 'neath the chilly sky will bide
Unmindful of his home and tender bride,
Whether behind the deer his hounds give tongue,
Or Marsian boar through fine-meshed net has sprung.
But none of these for ivy wreaths I'll trade,
The crown of learned brows; in pleasant glade
I love to view the Nymphs and Satyrs dance,
Far from the common crowd; and then perchance
Euterpe on her flute will sound a strain,
Or Polyhymnia tune the lyre again.
But if you deem me worth the lyric prize,
With head exalted I shall strike the skies.

TO POSTUMUS

Eheu fugaces.—II.14

Quickly the seasons glide by us,
Postumus, Postumus mine.
Time never stays for the pious;
Quickly the seasons glide by us,
Wrinkles and age come to try us,
Death but awaits our decline.
Quickly the seasons glide by us,
Postumus, Postumus mine.

Every expedient faileth,
Pluto at length is supreme.
Sacrifice nothing availeth,
Every expedient faileth.
Geryon his bondage bewaileth
Held by the sad Stygian stream.
Every expedient faileth,
Pluto at length is supreme.

None can escape the dark water,
Peasant nor monarch of men.
Father, son, mother, and daughter,
None can escape the dark water,

TO POSTUMUS

Vain to shun war with its slaughter,
Ocean, or pestilent fen.
None can escape the dark water,
Peasant nor monarch of men.

Villa and lands, we must leave them ;
Children and wife must resign,
Willing or no to bereave them.
Villa and lands, we must leave them,
Worthier heirs shall receive them,
Draining the long-treasured wine.
Villa and lands, we must leave them ;
Children and wife must resign.

*

A WINTER PARTY

Vides ut alta.—I.9

O yonder see how clearly gleams
Soracte, white with snow;
How the fir-trees stagger beneath their load.
Bowing to let it go;
And the river, numbed by the piercing cold.
At length has ceased to flow.

Dissolve the rigor of the frost,
Bright let the embers shine,
With liberal hand heap on the logs,
And, Thaliarchus mine,
Bring forth the Sabine amphora
Of four-years-mellowed wine.

All else abandon to the gods;
Whatever time they will
They drive the winds from the tossing sea
And cause them to be still,
Till never a lowland cypress stirs
Nor old ash on the hill.

A WINTER PARTY

Pry not into the morrow's store;
 Thy profit doth advance
By every day that fate allots,
 So, lad, improve thy chance,—
Ere stiff old age replace thy youth,—
 To love and tread the dance.

Now in the Campus and the squares
 At the appointed hour
Let gentle whispers oft be heard
 From many a twilight bower,
Or the laugh of a lurking lass betray
 The theft of a ring or flower.

A PROPER FEAST

Natis in usum.—I.27

Come, comrades, cease your Thracian fights
O'er cups designed for better uses,
For moderate Bacchus ne'er delights
In bloody quarrels o'er his juices.

How far removed from lamps and wine
Should be the Median dagger keen!
Hush drunken clamor, friends of mine;
In quiet on your elbows lean.

. . . You wish to have me taste my share
Of strong Falernian with the rest? . . .
Megilla's brother must declare
First, by what mortal wound he's blest.

Falters his will? . . . Then I'll not drink . . .
Come, tell us by what love you're swayed,
What fire consumed; . . . tut, man, don't shrink
To own an honest escapade!

Trust it to safe ears; 't is no sin
But to impart your sweetheart's name.—
Ah! What Charybdis are you in,
Youth worthy of a nobler flame!

A PROPER FEAST

What witch, what wizard's potent brew,
 What god can save you this time, sirrah?
Scarce Pegasus could rescue you,
 Entrapped by such three-fold Chimera.

*

MELPOMENE

Quem tu, Melpomene.—IV.3

The man thou hast inspired, Melpomene,
And viewed at hour of birth with serene eyes,
Exalted by thy sovereign power shall be.

No Isthmian games shall hail his victory,
No fleeting chariot bear him to the prize,—
The man thou hast inspired, Melpomene.

No conqueror of haughty monarchs he;
Not he, with brows enwreathed in victors' guise,
Exalted by thy sovereign power shall be.

Where woods are dense and rills fall plenteously,
The soul of song within him glorifies
The man thou hast inspired, Melpomene.

I naught can envy; Rome has honored me.
My lays, by her deemed worthy of the skies,
Exalted by thy sovereign power shall be.

MELPOMENE

I sing to please thee, Muse, and only thee
In whom the master-gift of music lies.
Exalted by thy sovereign power shall be
The man thou hast inspired, Melpomene.

*

“O VIRGIN WARDER OF THE MOUNTAIN PINES”

Montium custos.—III.22

O Virgin Warder of the mountain pines !
On whom, in sorrow, matrons not in vain
Thrice call, and Thou dost quell their every pain,—
Three-fold Thy God-head shines !

Close to my roof let this Thy pine tree grow,
On which, as each revolving year is o'er,
Gladly from some fierce, sideward-thrusting boar
Blood-offering I'll bestow.

HYMN FOR THE NEPTUNALIA

Festo quid potius.—III.28

What better do this day
Of Neptune, Lyde, say,
Than broach the cask
Of Caecuban?
Be that your task,
Go quickly as you can.

Your housewife's care forget;
The sun is nearly set.
Unlike the day
Stock-still you are;
Come, haste away,
Fetch the reluctant jar!

Green locks of Nereides,
And Neptune, Lord of Seas,
We celebrate,
And, to the lyre,
Latona great
And Cynthia's darts of fire.

HYMN FOR THE NEPTUNALIA

To Her who Cnidos sees,
And shining Cyclades,
By yoke-swans white
Conveyed along—
To Her and Night
Shall rise our evensong.

*

HYMN FOR FAUNUS' DAY

Faune, nympharum.—III.18

Lover of nymphs that flee for all thy love,
O Faunus, through my sunny farm-land move
With step propitious; ill intention shun
Toward my lambs; so when the year is run
A savory kid may deck thine ancient shrine,
And Love not lack companion-cups of wine.

Sportive the herd through grassy meadow flees,
The ox is pastured, and the folk at ease
Maintain thy winter-festival; grown bold,
The sheep fear not the wolf within the fold;
Woods yield their boughs to grace thy holiday;
And delvers gaily stamp the hated clay.

*

HYMN TO DIANA AND APOLLO

Dianam tenerae.—I.21

Sing of Diana, sing, gentle maidens ;
Boys, of the beardless Cynthius sing.
Chant ye together praise of Latona,
Pleasing to Jove, the omnipotent king.

Sing, O ye maidens, rivers delightful,
Tresses of woodland sweet to your queen,
Groves Erymanthian, forests of Gragus,
Dells on the slope of Algidus green.

Boys, sing of Tempe, tell of its praises ;
Delos, the birth-place of Phoebus, admire ;
Godlike his shoulder graced with the quiver,
Sweet the fraternal gift of the lyre.

Keep from the folk and Caesar Imperial
War's depredation, famine, and pest ;
Turn them instead on the Britons and Persians ;
Child of Latona, hear our request !

FONTINALIA

O fons Bandusiae.—III.13

Bandusian fountain! worthy of sweet wine

Nor lacking garlands strewn, thy glassy stream;

To-morrow from the frolic herd I deem

The tenderest kid of any shall be thine.

His pulsing blood shall tinge thy crystalline

Cold water, though by budding front he seem

Destined to wax in love and war supreme:

But vain his destiny. To weary kine

And wandering flocks thy runnel, icy cool,

Gives grateful rest when flaming Sirius reigns.

Among the founts in noble numbers known

Thou too shalt be exalted, while my strains

Extol the rills, from ledges ilex-grown,

That murmuring fill thy pure pellucid pool.

*

THE POET'S PRAYER

Quid dedicatum.—I.31

What seeks the bard inspired
From Phoebus on the founding of the shrine?
What is the gift desired
As from the sacred cup he pours the wine?

He asks for no rich grain
Gathered in far Sardinia's fertile fields;
From scorched Calabrian plain
No flocks; no gold nor tusks that India yields.

Unmeant for him he deems
Those lands which silent Liris gnaws away
With smoothly-sliding streams.
As for Calenian vines, let those who may

Prune them with crooked blade;
Let wealthy merchants drain from cups of gold
Wine of the Syrian trade,—
Gods willing, thrice a year in unscathed hold

Brought from the Atlantic sea.
These riches tempt me not; I but request
Olives and chicory,
And tender mallows, easy to digest.

THE POET'S PRAYER

Latona-born, I pray
That with my lot I may be satisfied;
May mind and vigor stay,
And to my age be not the lyre denied.

*

HORACE'S DIET

... "Me pascunt olvae,
Me cichorea levesque malvae."—I.31

O Quintus Horatius! O can it be true
That you spurned the Falernian flagon,
And quaffed, in its place, this chicory brew,
Refusing to get a good jag on?

If for dinner, instead of a New England boiled,
You preferred but an olive or mallow,
I'm surprised your digestion so long was unspoiled,
And your verses not morbid or shallow.

So, Horace, if feeding on fodder like this
You fancied that you were in clover,
I'll never blame Pyrrha for shunning your kiss,
Or Chloe for throwing you over.

ON A DISASTER IN PLASTER

“Non ebur neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar.”—II.18

“Nor ivory, nor golden-inlaid beams
Adorn my roof,” wrote Horace quite compactly.
I used to think this strange; but now it seems
My sentiments exactly.

For think! if while he labored on an ode
About a rose, carnation, or geranium,
This gold and ivory, an awful load,
Had crashed upon his cranium!

Though Pliny too had often (as we've read)
Brought down the house, what would have been his
feeling,
While answering Baebius, had he instead
Brought down a piece of ceiling?

A pillow-parasol old Pliny tried
When lava showers imperiled his position.
When next I seek the class-room, I'll have tied
Upon my head a cushion.

*

THE CAMPAIGNER

Icci, beatis.—I.29

O Dicky, is it only spite
And hope of Spanish plunder?
Or are you spoiling for a fight
With those bewhiskered sons of might,
The dauntless Dons, I wonder?

Caramba! but some heads will ache
When you consume salt-petre!
You'll shoot some Dago dude and take—
To starch your cuffs and cocktails make—
His dusky Señorita.

Or else, for valet, you'll bring home
Some coffee-colored laddie,
Well trained to spread the fleecy foam,
To wield the strop, to ply the comb,
By his Castilian daddy.

Well, well, what next? what can't be true,
If you, who'd grown so steady,
Have caught the Cuban fever, too,
And start, all fired for daring-do,
Rough-Ridering with Teddy;

THE CAMPAGNER

If you, a settled, sober Grad.,
 Have hocked your KENT and STORY,
Your BLACKSTONE—lately all your fad—
To buy your kit, and khaki-clad
 Are off for dust and glory.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

Nunc est bibendum.—I.37

Ho! comrades, let us revel, now dance with nimble feet,
Come, spread the couches of the gods with Salian dainties
sweet;

But yesterday 't were ill conceived the long-stored wine to
drain

While Capitol and Empire still were menaced by the train
Of dissolute adventurers who follow Egypt's queen,
Drunk with the vintage of success and blinded by her spleen.
But her madness was diminished, when from out the fire and
wrack

Of all her myriad galleys, scarce a single ship came back.
When Caesar from the Italian shore in quick pursuit had sped,
Her senses, dulled by fumes of wine, were overcome by dread.
For as upon the dove swoops down the falcon from the air,
Or as on Haemon's snowy plain the huntsman bags the hare,
So Caesar in his galleys to the fatal queen gave chase,
To cast in chains and bear her back his captive train to grace.
But destined for a nobler end she showed no woman's fear
Of swords, nor did she take to ship and for a refuge steer;
But all serene, she gazed upon her palace lying low,
And dared to seek the venom from the serpent's angry blow.
She was no humble woman, who could death so firmly brave,
And scorn to grace a triumph fit for any common slave.

*

ON TRANSLATING THE FOREGOING

I am trying, Egypt, trying
To translate as Horace wrote.
In the dark, Plutonian shadows
Mingled words and phrases float;
But I cannot catch the spirit
Any more than find a rhyme;
Might as well attempt a paean
On the battle of Blenheim.

For though Horace may have gloried
In thine empire's tragic fall,
Politics of Flaccus' era
Do not interest me at all.
Though I'd gladly sing of Pyrrha,
Or of fawnlike Chloe tell,
When it comes to odes like this one,
Cleopatra! Rome! farewell!

SIMPLICITY

Persicos odi.—I.38

Hateful, Page, to me is the pomp of Persia;
Garlands even, plaited with bast, displease me;
Cease then seeking places wherein the roses
Linger late-blooming.

Naught I will thou add to the simple myrtle,
Vainly toilsome; neither for thee, my servant,
Myrtles are unfitting, or me close-shaded,
Quaffing the vine-juice.

MY SABINE FARM

Laudabunt alii.—I.7

Some people talk about “Noo Yo’k”;
 Of Cleveland many ne’er have done;
They sing galore of Baltimore,
 Chicago, Pittsburgh, Washington.

Others unasked their wit have tasked
 To sound unending praise of Boston—
Of bean-vines found for miles around
 And crooked streets that I get lost on.

Give me no jar of truck or car,
 No city smoke and noise of mills ;
Rather the slow Connecticut’s flow
 And sunny orchards on the hills.

There like the haze of summer days
 Before the wind flee care and sorrow.
In sure content each day is spent,
 Unheeding what may come to-morrow.

IN DEEP WATER

Quis multa gracilis.—I.5

What slim youth in shady grotto
Filled with sweet enticing otto
From his bouquet,
Woos thee, fickle Pyrrha, *sotto*
Voce?

Dress thy yellow locks! His error
He will soon in sudden terror
Start bewailing,
Tossed by seas that late seemed fairer
Sailing.

Now he deems thee gold the purest,
Calls thee tenderest, demurest—
Ignoramus!
But can one whom thou allurest
Blame us?

Yes, a robe I'm consecrating
My escape commemorating—
Was I iron
To resist thee, captivating
Siren!

TO CHLOE

A BALLAD OF CLASS-ROOM PRONUNCIATIONS

The snow descends on hills and leas,
 But radiators brightly glowing
Dispel all fear of chill Boreas,
 However hard the wind is blowing.
While old Aeōlus wafts the snow,
I'll sit me down and write to Chloe.

With Horace Chloe was all the rage,
 He straightway jilted every other,
Leuconoe, Phyllis, and Lalage,
 For this "lost fawn that seeks its mother;"
Which was his artful way, I fear,
Of calling Chloe his little dear.

'Tis true I never knew this Chloe,
 But Mr. Q. H. Flaccus knew her;
She handed him the mitten, so
 He straightway wrote some poems to her.
Well, let me see, I'll head my verse:
"To one more charming far than Circe."

TO CHLOE

“It is for you my spirit gasps,
O loveliest of lovely gender;
I willingly would breast Hydaspes,
If I might be your true defender.
I long for you, to be precise,
As Orpheus yearned for Eurydice.

“And you will not refuse, I hope
To send me just as many kisses,
As that old dame called Penelope
Bestowed upon returned Ulysses
Or Cupid, whom all lovers like,
Delivered to his sweetheart, Psyche.

“Within affection’s warmest glow
I write these heartfelt lines to place us,
And send them to you, darling Chloe,
By kindness of my friend, Pegasus.
O may love’s bond as firm attach us,
As Ariadne was to Bacchus.”

DE CONSOLATIONE

Ad Q. H. F.

Quintus, the fate you dreaded worst
Has long been yours ;
A tribe you would have held accurst,
As mostly bores,—
We teachers,—seized you from the first.
Lean wits for ages in the schools
With you were fattened.
Professors dam your flow with rules ;
Critics and editorial ghouls
Still tear you with scholastic tools ;
Full fifty-seven brands of fools
On you have battened.

Jones counts, and finds your lady-loves
By far too many.
Brown writes his learned tome, and proves
You hadn't any!
Noakes notices their too transparent names
Are always Greek.
While for *grande passion* Stoakes, *expertus*, claims
You're still to seek!
Poor Cinara, whose portrait Sir T. Martin

DE CONSOLATIONE

Likes to believe you put your very heart in,—
E'en Cinara to the great Professor Smith
Is all but myth!

Then as for Dr. Verrall and his dreams,—
Beiträge-magic!

To him your very lightest lyric seems
Of import tragic.

Melpomene, who our innocence supposes
Was not yet conscious of her awful mission,
Lurks full of gloom, it seems, beneath your wine-and-roses,
And purple cushion!

That gentle mirth, that wit at which we smile,
Were meant to harrow

(Had we but sense to penetrate your guile)
Our feelings for one d-doomed Licinius Varro.
Mehercule! no worse a Monstr'-horrend'-ingens-whats-it-icus
Was e'er evolved from any other Apparatus Criticus!

Long-suffering Poet! one stroke more
Thy stars malign have kept in store,
That now must fall:

A great Historian takes the floor
Who knows it all!

To him your works of during brass,
Your curiosa felicitas,
Your phrases that so long did pass
For purest classic,
Are parts of one deep-laid design

DE CONSOLATIONE

To BOOM THE TRADE IN NATIVE WINE—
Falernian, Formian, Prænestine,
Calenian, Massic!!

But don't despair: such things are sent
(Unpleasant very!)
To prove your high-piled monument
Perennius aere.
So sane and clear your eyes that saw
Whatever passes,
They must have read this simple law
That strong as brass is:
Not he who 'scaped from beak and claw,—
The Bentley-lion's heavy paw,—
The tiger-Peerlkamp's rending jaw,—
Need break his rest with fear and awe,
When o'er his head with weird he-haw
Stamp the wild asses..

FLACCUS DIVERSIFIED

OR

Every Poet His Own Horace

“He useth to indite but Common Places—*quasi Communes Locos*—this Barde of ours: wherefore it Falleth oute that what Poet soever looketh into Flaccus his boke heareth but his own Argument sette to his own proper Musick.”

—Meason: Anatomie of Poeticks, §23



TO FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

The critics on our antics look
With eyes so cold and solemn;
O find a refuge for our book
In your congenial column!

Yea, Loiterer at the Sacred Fount,
Give the Glad Hand, by Bacchus!
And charge the item: "On account
Of my old friend, Q. Flaccus."

DONAREM PATERAS

IV.8

Englished by Robert Browning

*Flaccus the poet, from the ilex groves
That clothe the cool Digentia's dexter side—
(See Life, by Wickham, three-and-thirtieth page)—
And the sure silence of his field's much grass,
To Censorinus, best of comrades, these:*

"Thinketh he'd suit each several comrade's taste,
"Thinketh he'd give them sacrificial bowls
All lapis, or enwrought of Favrite glass,
(Although, God wot! I know not what that is!)
And suchlike bric-a-brac, wherewith we use
To burden bridal couples to their dole;
And bronzes—mark you that, pure bronzes, man!
Ripe-orange patined, copper's best alloy,
No piddling pewter, two per cent. of tin;
And triple-straddling tripods, valor's prize,
Contested by the Hellenes, tetyx-topped;—
Flower-o'-the plum!
This is as easy as twiddle-your-thumb!

Nor would'st thou have the worst of these my gifts,
My Censorinus!—'meaneth to say, of course,

DONAREM PATERAS

I'd give them, had I store of such to give,—
Chefs-d'oeuvre Parrhasian, Scopian handiwork,
(This stone's, and that the glittering pigment's lord,
One sculpting mortal's and one limning gods.)
Flower-o'-the thyme!
This is too easy: I think I'll try rhyme.

But seeing to you there no lack is
Of such, you'll not hope that your Flaccus
Will send you bijouterie; moreover,
'Tis poems you rather had pore over;
'Tis poems I have in satiety,
And can tell their worth to society:
Not marbles nor state-graven statues;
(And what you will make out of that choose)
Through which our brave general's spirit
(Praise a hero: be sure he will hear it!)
Returns to this life for a season,—
Not the backward path that he flees on,
Dire Hannibal, threat'nings all ended,—
Nor Carthage, forever delend'ed,—
More clearly reveals by its blazes
The conquering hero's just praises,
Who returned from his African triumph
So poor that no carper could cry: "Humph!
His reason for fighting's the plainest,"
(So poor! but then be-Africanused!)
Than Muses Calabrian show 'em;

DONAREM PATERAS

That's Ennius; go read his poem.

Flower-o'-the bay!

What's to prevent me from rhyming all day?

Were letters silent of thy deeds well done,
Thou hadst no guerdon. What were Mar's son
And Ilia's, if that Silence envious

Might stand athwart the worth of Romulus?

Thus Aeacus from Stygian billows wrung

By potency of bards, their favor, tongue,

Is consecrate the Happy Isles among.

The wight laud-worthy hath the Muse denied
To die; the Muse awards him Heaven beside.

'Tis thus at Jove's high feast, his labor crowned,

The tireless hero Hercules is found;

And Tyndareus' progeny, the lucent stars,

Save shattered barks from out the billows' wars;

With wreathed brow whereon the vine-leaf clings,

Liber our hope to happy issue brings.

Flower-o'-the-vine!

Is some of that Browning's or all of it mine?

VITAS HINNULEO

I.23

Indited by Samuel Johnson, Esq.

With heart horrescent and aversive Air,
My amorous suit evites the ingenuous Fair,—
A timid offspring of the cervine kind,
Who seeks her Dam of equi-timorous mind;
She devious quests o'er elevated ways;
Each gust affrights her and each breath affrays.

If vernal Zephyrs on the branches light
And shake the leaves (in Dr. Bentley's spite);
If Briars recumbrous on their native heath
Stir with lacertian movement underneath;
The flames of terror in her bosom burn,
And nether members pulsate in their turn.

And yet no tigrine nature e'er was mine,
No shore Gaetulian reared me leonine.
I woo thee, not insatiate of gore,
Nor long to view thy corse ensanguined o'er.
Seek not the Maternal Source of life again,
Nor still reluct t'approve the eager Swain.

VIXI PUELLIS

III.26

Lilted by Algernon Charles Swinburne

Love, I have lived of late for these thy handmaids not all
unmeet.

Yea, I have warred thy war, nor bitten the bitter bread of
defeat.

Cometh war-weariness now and the woful wane of wild desire,
Cometh the leaving of arms, and the last long lingering lift
of the lyre.

Fair is thy fane, Aphrodite, thou fairest fruit of the furrow-
less sea!

Yea, and the left wall of it shall hold henceforth the weapons
of me:

Torches of fresh-flown flame, and jimmies that jam, and the
bent bow's bane,

On lintels that lower with locks shall prove their prowess
never again.

Goddess, who holdest Cyprian realms! thou brine-born Mother
of Love!

VIXI PUELLIS

Whose alone are the Memphian fields and the snowless acres
thereof!

Queen, and the flower of the foam! thou flicker of flames
that flash!

Lift up thy scourge on the scornful Chloe and lessen her pride
with thy lash!

CAELO SUPINAS

III.23

In the manner of Robert Herrick

Whenas the New Moone sho's her light,
If thou dost lift thy hands aright
(Rusticall Phidyle) to Heav'n's dome,
And of thine increase still spar'st some
For the high gods ('t needs not be bigge:
A wisp of corne, a sucking Pigge,
Or but a grane of Franckynsense),
Then all thy plagues theyle banish hence.
The Sirrock-blast from Africa
Wo'd not thy fertile Vine dismay;
Thy croppe won't rust, nor younglings fear
The evill apple-season o' th' yeere.
For those rich victims that still wait
(Tho' vow'd) on Algidus candidate,
Or fatte in Alban pastures waxe,
Will dye (not thine but) the pontiff's axe.
Thy tiny gods to supplicate
Befits no such lautitious cate;
For rosemarie wreathes & mirtle boughs
Co'd better suite thy modest vows;

CAELO SUPINAS

I, holy meale & crackling grane
Wo'd soothe the angry Lar. In vain
A costlier Gift thou'd'st seek to bring:
Pure hands are th' welcomest offering.
These sooner make thy cause well wonne
Than rich importunation.

SCRIBERIS VARIO

I.6

To M. Vipsanius Agrippa

By R. K., Author of Bobbs: and Other Irreverences

If it's pr'ises that you'd like,
 Mister Gripps,
Varius is the bird to strike
 For them, Gripps.
'E'll cough up 'Omeric notes
About your deeds with 'orse or boats.
S'ikes! your Tommies harn't no goats,
 Hare they, Gripps?

I can't write no bloody hode
 For you, Gripps.
Can't tell wot I 'aven't knowed,
 Can I, Gripps?
Like them bloomin' classic guys,
Pelides and Ulix-eyes;—
You're a cut above my size,
 Haren't you, Gripps?

SCRIBERIS VARIO

Wisht I could spout such 'ot stuff
About you, Gripps.
Reckon I 'aven't sand enough,—
Not like Gripps!
And my Muse, says she (bad cess!)
“That there's not your style, I guess;
Don't you make no *pukkah* mess
Out o' Gripps.”

Beer and rookies, them's my l'y—
(Likewise Gripps')—
Quarreling gals and such as th'y;
Haren't they, Gripps?
That's the stuff brings in the chink
And I'll stick to that I think,
Woozely drunk, or out o' clink,
Won't I, Gripps?

CHORUS

Then 'ere's to Vipsy-Wipsy, little Gripps,
Gripps, Gripps!
We love him str'ight or tipsy, little Gripps,
Gripps, Gripps!
O! we knows it bloomin' well,
His grite fime no tongue can tell;
But we'll fight for him to ——!
Won't we Gripps!

NON USITATA

II.20

Which Chaucer thinketh grete merveille.

With wingës freshe and stronge I tak my weye
Thurgh clerë heven, ne lenger nill I staye
On erthë for to dwelle in cityes grete;
Sone I schal flee the presse, I yow bihete.
But I, Maeccenas, I whom thou dost calle
A pore man born, shal never deye at alle,
Ne rest confinëd bi the Stygian wawes.

For, lo, my toon been chaungëd into clawes,
And smalë scalës on my leggës bothe
Beginnen for to growe, I tell yow sothe;
The whitë down out-sterteth fro my barme,
And plumës been engendred on eche arme;
My bak and sidës eek with fethres hid—
Loke, am I nat a veray parfit brid!
Anon like Icarus on-lofte I sore
To seigh the gretë see y-clept Bosphore,
And like a snow-whyt swan with swetë stevene
I flee to Syrtes heigh along the hevene;
To Colchus, Spayne, and many landës mo,
And eek to rëaumës of the north I go
And drink the Rhone, yif that there nis na wine.
Wherfore, when I departë, leve to pyne;

NON USITATA

Noon needeth sorwen at my sepulture,
Ne singen diriges to my soulës cure,
Ne seyen messe upon an holi-daye
As monkës doon for love or els for paye,—
Swich wo and moorning nis nat worth a flye,—
I shal for ever sore on wingës hye.

· · · · · · · ·

Thus seyth Orace, and nevere have I founde
Within his book that yit he cam to grounde.



O NAVIS

I.14

Navigated by W. E. Henley

Whither, O Ship, away?
Forth to the plangent, immitigable billows
Wilt thou fare once more?
To port! To port! Lo!
How nude thy side of oarage, how thy mast
Wind-worn, worm-riddled, mouldy with memories,
Groans to the swift blasts African.
And all thy yards with clang on clang resound.
Nor without cables can thy keel endure
This miserable welter and wash,
The hugger-mugger of waves.
(Ocean! O Ocean of Politics! Ocean of Pulls!)
Thou hast no sails yet undisintegrated,
Nor Powers on whom to call, o'er-whelmed with ills,
Child of the Pontic Pine,
Daughter of noble wood-lands,
Thy boasts are vain;
The mariner trusts thee not;
Beware, unless thou owest sport
To all the winds of Heaven.
Thou my anguishable care

O NAVIS

In the dreary, ineffectual Yesterdays
Now my darling anxiety:
Beware lest Death, the junk-man,
Catch thee amid the sapphirine isles,
And strew thee in gobbets o'er
The unravined, imperturbable sea.

EHEU FUGACES

II.14

As it sounded to Thomas Gray

Our Fleeting Years, alas! glide fast away.

Gray, wrinkled Age invades with every breath;
Nor Pious Vows can interpose delay,
And even Worth must yield the Palm to Death.

Can reeking Fane or oft-recurring Rite

Avail thee, Friend, in thy predestined hour,
When all the monstrous brood of ancient Night
Alike must own the illacrymable Power?

Full many a child of the all-bounteous earth

O'er Lethe's dark, unfathomed wave has passed;
Nor pride of Power avails, nor Royal Birth;
The weary Ploughman thither plods at last.

In vain we shun the blood-stained work of War;

In vain th' infuriate Ocean's angry moan;
In vain from Autumn's heat we flee afar;
For Pestilence will mark us for her own.

EHEU FUGACES

To view that sullen flood none may refuse,

Where spirits unblest will fright thy wondering gaze,
Where Justice still her righteous doom pursues,
And keeps the awful tenor of her ways.

No more thy child shall prattle at thy knees,

Nor busy house-wife wait thy long return.

Thy land, thy house, thou 'lt leave; and of thy trees
Naught but the hated cypress deck thy urn.

A worthier heir shall spill thy treasured wine

That Luxury's self had envied thee to taste;

Then Wealth shall all her hoarded hopes resign,
And Avarice sadly yield the realm to Waste.

VITAS HINNULEO

I.23

Done by Mr. William Wordsworth

I met a little Roman maid;
She was just sixteen (she said),
And O! but she was sore afraid,
And hung her modest head.

A little fawn, you would have vowed,
That sought her mother's side,
And wandered lonely as a cloud
Upon the mountain wide.

Whene'er the little lizards stirred,
She started in her fear;
In every rustling bush she heard
Some awful monster near.

"I'm not a lion; fear not so;
Seek not your timid dam".—

VITAS HINNULEO

But Chloe was afraid, and O!
She knows not what I am:

*A creature quite too bright and good
To be so much misunderstood.*

IN MEMORIAM

Quintilius Varus

I.24

By Alfred Tennyson

May grief's excess work aught of wrong
To one so dear as him we mourn?
O music, from some Higher Bourne
Attune our woe to lyre and song!

And so eternal slumbers press
Our brother down: and when shall we
Among mankind his equal see
In justice, honor, truthfulness?

By many wailed, by thee the most,
O Vergil! Vain thy pious prayer.
What erst they trusted to thy care,
The gods recall, and it is lost.

What though with more than Orphic strain
Thy lyre should charm the listening trees?
May spirit hark to words like these,
Or fill the empty form again?

IN MEMORIAM

In vain. To that austere abode
Relentless Fate his soul hath driven,
Deaf to our prayers. May only Heaven
Grant patience to endure thy load!

EPISTLE TO SEPTIMIUS

Septimi, Gadis.—II.6

As writ by Mr. Alexander Pope, Esqr.

Awake! Septimius, to my strain attend:
Friendship my theme, I sing to thee a friend.
That such thou art, thy fond attendance proves
Where'er on earth my errant foot-step roves.
To Cadiz if I take my dangerous way
And tribes Cantabrian, hostile to our sway;
Or if the barbarous Syrtes I explore
Where seething waves assail the Afric shore:
Not these can daunt, nor those subdue thy mind,
Nor seas divide the hearts that Heaven joined.
O grant, ye Powers, that still my wand'rings guide,
And this the best of gifts—a friend—supplied:
When draws this mortal journey to its close,
May we in Tibur find a sweet repose!
Within the walls an Argive wanderer piled,
May we forget the painful roads we toiled!
With warfare wasted, sickened by the sea,
Be ours the goal for which we fondly pray!
Some further limit for my travel's end,
If Fate decree (who can with Fate contend?)
That land I'll seek where once Phalanthus came,

EPISTLE TO SEPTIMIUS

Where Spartans dwell beside Galaesus' stream.
Harmonious through the plain its currents glide,
Sweet to the flocks that pasture by its side.
No other flocks more feel a shepherd's care,
No other shepherds richer fleeces shear.
(Thrice-happy swains! if they their riches knew!
To skin their flocks, and then to fleece them too!)
No other nook on earth with this can vie
To win the poet's heart and please his eye.
No more Hymettus boasts her waxen store;
Venafrum's olives are her pride no more.
For here kind Jove a rich abundance brings,
The winter softens, and delays the springs.
And blest by Bacchus, Aulon's fertile field
Envies no grapes Falernian vineyards yield.
Sure 'tis for us those happy towers arise
To soothe our breasts and glad our weary eyes.
And there the poet with the poet's friend
Awaits at last the final journey's end.
Thy grateful task to ease the laboring breath,
To still his fears and close his eyes in death,
On his warm ashes drop the meed of tears,
And waft his spirit to those brighter spheres.

TO DELLIUS

Aequam memento.—II.3

Rubaiyat by Edward Fitzgerald

This shifting bubble sages call thy soul
Wilt thou not keep it, Friend, in firm control?
Nor Joy nor Grief o'er-throws his level mind
Who learns the Wisdom hidden in the Bowl.

Whether thou pass thy gloomy days in pain,
Or fling the Balm-of-life abroad like rain,
Alike the bitter or the sparkling Cup
Thou quaff'st—to sleep and wake no more again.

I sometimes think that never flows the Wine
So red, as 'neath the Poplar and the Pine.
Wer't not a shame? O Friend, wer't not a shame,
If they in vain their pleasing shade combine?

And to what end, think'st thou, this rivulet
Doth in its winding Channel fume and fret?
O pluck To-day! and make no vain pursuit
Of This and That, which thou may'st never get.

